A NOVEL

By

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

SYNOPSIS.

—14—

Alan Wayne is sent away from Red Hill, his home, by his uncle, J. Y., as a moral failure. Clem drinks Alan's health on his birthday. Judge Healy defends Alan in his business with his employers. Alan and Alix, Gerry's wife, start a flirtation. Gerry, as he thinks, sees Alix and Alan eloping, drops everything, and goes to Pernambuco. Alix leaves Alan on the train and goes home. Gerry leaves Pernambuco and goes to Piranhas. On a canoe trip he meets a native girl. The judge fails to trace Gerry. A baby is born to Alix. The native girl takes Gerry to the ruined plantation she is mistress of. Gerry marries her. At Maple house Collingeford tells how he met Alan—"Ten Per Cent Wayne"—building a bridge in Africa. Gerry begins to improve Margarita's plantation and builds an irrigating ditch. A baby comes to Margarita. Collingeford meets Alix in the city and finds her changed. Alan meets Alix, J. Y., and Clem, grown to beautiful womanhood, in the city and realizes that he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. Kemp and Gerry become friends. They visit Lieber, and the three exiles are drawn together by a common tie. Lieber tells his story. In South America Alan gets the fever and his foreman sends him to Lieber's. Alan tells Gerry the truth about Alix and Gerry tells him of Margarita and the baby. Alan wonders and is disgusted. A flood carries away Margarita and her baby, despite Gerry's attempt at rescue. Fever follows Gerry's exposure. He sends a note to Alix by Alan, who forwards the note to Alix when he arrives in New York. Alan goes on to Red Hill.

Here Alan has an opportunity to spoil all of Gerry and Alix' future life by telling just a little about Margarita and the boy back in South America. Men and women frequently do such things in mere human perversity. Should he answer Alix truthfully or should he lie like a gentleman and save the day for Gerry?

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Alan's eyes gleamed with amusement at the rippling words. Alix was certainly well. Then suddenly she collapsed in a chair. "Three years!" she gasped. Her hands went up to hold her head and she began to cry in a way Alan had never heard a woman cry before. The gasping sobs racked his nerves. He felt as though the sobs were tearing their way up from his own breast. He gripped the arms of the chair in which he sat. His body telephoned to his brain that he was going to faint and at such astounding news Ten Percent Wayne woke up and took charge. "Alix!" the word snapped out like the crack of a whip. "You stop crying or I'll slap you, and when I slap I slap hard."

Alix choked, swallowed and looked at him, outraged and unbelieving. Alan's eyes were blazing. "You listen to me," he commanded, "listen to every word I say. You've gone through a lot in three years, but just fasten your mind on to this: so has Gerry. That note is colorless because Gerry made it colorless. It doesn't tell anything, because Gerry isn't a coward and because there are things he must tell you face to face to get your answer clear in his own mind. I'm making you curious with every word. All right, be curious. But you can be sure of one thing: if Gerry had wanted me to tell you his story he'd have asked me to, but he didn't. He didn't even ask me not to. He was standing in deep waters, but he had his head and shoulders out. He wasn't asking for my or anybody else's hand to help him up the bank. He didn't ask me not to meddle because he knew I was man enough to see where he stood without words. He trusted me." Alan's voice trailed off weakly. He closed his eyes.

"But, Alan," said Alix, "I must know something. Is he well? Is he—"

Alan held up his hand. "Just one thing and then I'm going to sleep. I never thought the old Rock would ever loom so big."

Alix watched him doze off. She felt strangely comforted by the crumb he had tossed her. She went back in her mind to a dinner of long ago, when she had defended Gerry's placid weight against Alan. She sat on for half an hour, busy with varying thoughts. She looked curiously around Alan's sitting room. How strange that she should be here and yet how natural. How safe she felt. She wondered if it was all because of the defenses she had raised up in herself or whether any woman would feel safe with the new and weakened Alan. She slipped out without waking him and sent a cable to Pernambuco. By night she had an answer. Gerry had not yet sailed!

Days passed. She went out only for exercise. Her mind was busy with wondering. The judge called regularly. He had put off going to Red Hill. He wanted Alix to feel that a friend was at hand and, besides, he had Alan on his hands. Alan was worrying him in a new way. Something had gone out of him. Sometimes he seemed to the judge a mere shell—a blown egg, robbed of the seed of life. The judge talked of him often to Alix, but she could not fasten her mind on Alan. "Take him to the Hill," was her listless advice.

"I've tried," said the judge, "and he says he's not ready—not strong enough. I told him that's what he ought to go for—to get strong—and he said a funny thing. 'There's a kind of strength we must generate or borrow. I didn't borrow, so now I'm generating. It takes time.' And then he dropped off to sleep. Before, he used to run you through with his tongue when he wanted to stop conversation. Now he just goes to sleep. It's just as effective and almost as original."

One afternoon the judge came in with a smile on his face. "Alan is better," he announced.

"Isn't he better every day?" asked Alix.

"Not like this," said the judge. "You know Fleureur? Of course you don't. You wouldn't. Can't imagine how he ever got into the club, but he did. Well, it's a long time since Mr. Fleureur has been asked to cut in at bridge at the club or anywhere else. Yesterday he came in and saw Alan for the first time since his return. 'Hallo, Wayne,' he said, 'back again and doing the heavy swell as ever, only not quite so heavy inside the clothes now, eh?' Alan is getting touchy over being a weakling. That's a good sign, too, by the way. He looked sideways out of his sleepy eyes at Fleureur and you bet everybody listened." The judge paused at thus forgetting himself; then he went on: "Alan said, 'Do clothes matter such a lot? Somehow it seems to me it doesn't make any difference how much a man waxes his mustache as long as he doesn't wax his finger nails.'"

Alix' face lit up. "Oh, that is Alan." The judge's eyes twinkled. "Yes," he said, "and then Alan went off to sleep like a shot and Fleureur remembered an engagement. The whole club's cheered up. The club didn't know what was the matter with itself, but it knows now. It was missing Alan after he had come back."

Alan had written to Mrs. J. Y. that he was planning to motor from town to Red Hill. Clem, as Mrs. J. Y.'s deputy, had answered his letter, promising him a warm and long welcome at Maple House. She gave him a waybill. "It's the simplest way-bill in the world," she wrote, "out of town and along the sound till you come to the river, then up the valley till the bald top of East mountain signals you from the left. Climb the mountain, and from there the old church will lead you home."

"The old church will lead you home," Alan repeated to himself as he let his relaxed body lounge across the tonneau and trusted to cushions and springs to take up the bumps. His thoughts raced ahead of him to Red Hill. In memory he plodded over dusty roads and through mossy lanes, swam, fished and loafed, wept and laughed. He was going back to the cradle of all his emotions.

The wind and the motion of the car made him sleepy. He dozed. He awoke to see East mountain looming in the distance. Steadily the car drew into its lee. Alan sighted a climbing road and called directions to the driver. From the bare top of the mountain he made out the old church, a white speck on a far-away hill. He stood up and traced the course they were to follow. He was filled with a strange excitement. "Never mind the bumps—open her up," he ordered, and sat down and closed his eyes.

Long, lane was as cool as memory and as balmy with the twining odors of birch and sassafras and laurel as childhood's recollection. Alan drew a long, full breath and then the car ran out on to the top of Red Hill, swerved to the right and turned in under the low-hanging limbs of the maples.

It was early afternoon. The old homestead was very still. As the car drew up at the curb a girl rose from a deep chair on the veranda and stepped forward. Alan caught his breath and stared. He felt himself a little boy. Nance, a mere rosebud of a girl, stood before him and smiled at his bewildered face. "You're Uncle Alan, aren't you?" The soft voice sustained illusion, but the words brought him to himself—made him feel suddenly older by a generation. Then he smiled back at her and chaffed, "You have been busy since I saw you last. Have I the honor of presenting myself to Miss Sterling?"

"The same," replied the girl, laughing, "and your niece."

"Come. That's enough. Don't rub it in. Besides, you're only niece by courtesy. By the family tree we're cousins."

"All right. I'll be a cousin to you if you like it better," remarked Nance, junior, demurely.

Alan had sprung out. He caught her hands and kissed her. Her fresh mouth brushed his cheek.

"Yes, I like it better," he said. "It's some fun kissing a cousin."

Nance, junior, snatched away her hands and dashed into the house. "Mother, Clem, he's here. Unc—Cousin Alan's come."

From upstairs came a sullen but feeble roar, as though a bull had bellowed and only echo had come forth. From a hammock under the trees J. Y. tumbled his stiffening limbs and with a quick shake of his broad shoulders strode across the lawn. There was a patter of women's feet. Clem burst out of the house, caught both of Alan's hands and shook them. Her lips opened but she said nothing. Her eyes and her heart were full of welcome. Alan felt them speaking for her. Then came Mrs. J. Y. and J. Y. and Nance, the mother of four. There arose a babel of hearty greetings, but through them all could be heard the rumble of the echolike bellowing.

"Ssh!" said Alan, holding up his hand. "What's that noise?"

Clem laughed. "It's the captain," she said. "Listen."

In the silence the rumbling became vociferation. "Bring him up here. Bring him up here, dammit."

"You'd better go quickly," remarked Nance, junior. "He's begun to swear and mother doesn't like us to hear it."

Alan hurried into the house and up to the captain's room. The grown-ups followed but stopped below and waited. Nance, junior, remained to direct the chauffeur to the barn.

"Excuse me, miss," said that worthy, "but Mr. Wayne hasn't had a bite to eat since seven this morning. You might not think to ask him, you see, so I thought I'd tell you."

"I see," replied the young lady, and added with ready wit and a smile, "just find the kitchen and tell the cook."

Alan found the captain propped on many pillows. His bulging eyes had the same old glare, his close-cropped hair still made an effort, though feeble, to insurgency, but his corpulence was gone. He had collapsed at last and was bedridden after a severe stroke. "Huh!" was his greeting.

Alan sat down beside the bed. "How do you do, sir?"

"Do? I do all right. It's the liquor in this country that's gone off, sir. Corked whisky. That's all that's left. I'll show you, Alan." And he roared, after a preliminary puff, "Two whiskies."

Mrs. Wayne appeared. "Now, captain," she said softly. "What's this?

"My Boy, You Have Been Far Away."

Two at a time? You're getting better."

The captain subsided. "One for Alan," he grunted.

The drinks came. Alan welcomed his. He was tired and faint after the long journey. The captain gazed on his own glass defiantly but ordered the maid to set it on the table at his side. Alan waited long for him to take it up, and then he saw that the captain had fallen asleep. Alan sipped his drink. The captain was right, it was flavorless. But Alan remembered that he had thrown away his last cigarette for the same reason. He sighed.

In spite of the judge, Alix was feeling very lonely, abandoned, unloved. She sat on the little veranda at the back of the town house and daydreamed. Across her knee lay the morning paper. A word caught her eye. Elenic. Half unconsciously she read: "Among the arrivals by the Elenic . . . Hon. Percy Collingeford."

Collingeford! She started to her feet and then with what seemed a perceptible click her mind repeated, "Elenic." She sat down again. The hand that held the paper was trembling. She sat for a long time looking at her hand. The telephone bell rang, but she did not hear it. Old John came and stood beside her.

"Mr. Collingeford telephones to know if you are in town."

A frightened gleam showed in Alix' eyes. It passed and a flame of color came into her pale cheeks. "Yes," she said, "I am at home. Tell him I will see him at any time today."

Collingeford lost no time. When he arrived Alix was still sitting on the veranda. She received him there. He came upon her with a rush—like a fresh breeze. "What luck!" he cried. "Really in town on a hot summer's day?

Which is it? Frocks or the dentist?"

Alix rose and held out her hand. A faint smile came to her face, lingered a moment and passed. "I am glad you have come," she said, and then paused. Her eyes wavered. Was she glad he had come?

Collingeford caught her mood. "Just what do you mean by that?" he asked gravely.

Alix' eyes came back to his face. "I—I don't know," she stammered.

They sat down. Collingeford dropped his hat and stick and leaned forward. A dull color burned in his cheeks. "Alix," he said, "has—has anything happened?"

"No," said Alix, "not what you mean. Gerry is alive. He has written. He says he is coming back—some time."

Collingeford sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing.

"Some time! Did he really write that? Some time?"

There was a petulant look about Alix' mouth that belonged to an Alix of long ago. She tried to shake it off with her mood. "No," she said dully, after a pause. "He didn't write just that but it amounts to the same thing. He wrote but he has not come."

Collingeford paced up and down the little veranda, his arms crossed and one hand pulling nervously at his mustache. He came to a stop before Alix and stood looking down at her, his eyes eager but questioning. "Well?" he said.

Alix made a little gesture of despair with her two hands. "I—I don't know," she repeated. Then, quite quietly, she began to cry.

Collingeford caught her hands and drew her to her feet. He put his arms around her. She laid her head against his shoulder and sobbed. Collingeford's heart was beating furiously. His arms trembled. He longed to strain her to him, but he only held her gently and patted her back. Some instinct told him that this was not the moment of possession.

When Alix could talk he knew that his instinct was true. "Oh," she said, "what a little beast I am! Unfair to you, unfair to myself."

She disengaged herself and sat down. With a tiny square of cambric she dabbed at her eyes.

"Here," said Collingeford, and held out a big, fresh handkerchief.

Alix took it and used it solemnly. Then its bulk struck a sudden note of humor. She laughed and Collingeford smiled. As he gave back the handkerchief she pressed Collingeford's hand. "I have been a little beast."

"No," said Collingeford gravely, "you have been unspeakably lovable."

"It would have been that if I loved you. But I don't. That's why I've been a beast. To make you think—"

Collingeford interrupted her. "You made me think nothing. Somehow I knew. I knew it was just loneliness running over from a full heart."

Alix nodded. "How wonderful of you to understand," she said. "Lonely. Yes. I've been terribly lonely. Never before so lonely."

"You shall not be lonely any more," said Collingeford. "Every day I'll come and talk to you, take you out—anything. I'm yours."

Alix shook her head from side to side. Her eyes refused him.

"Alix," cried Collingeford, hurt, "don't you want me even for a friend?"

"Don't mistake what I'm going to say, will you?" said Alix.

Collingeford shook his head.

"Gerry is coming back," went on Alix, "but—I don't know what he is bringing back. Perhaps it is something he can't share with me; perhaps it is something I do not want. When you went away I had only faith; now I have only doubt. Such a big doubt. That's why I said to you, 'I don't know.' And while I don't know I will not have you even for a friend." Alix flushed and fixed her eyes on Collingeford's face. "Do you understand?"

Collingeford's eyes were glowing. "Yes," he said, "I think I do. You mean that perhaps—later on—you will send for me."

"Perhaps—only perhaps," whispered Alix.

Collingeford picked up his hat and stick. He took Alix' hand and held it long. She would not look up. He stooped and kissed her fingers.

"I shall be waiting," he said.

CHAPTER XXVIII

The peripatetic, pathogenic agent of malarial fever possesses the prime attribute of a bad penny—it comes back. Alan had often fatted himself to receive the prodigal, and he was not now at a loss to account for the sudden lassitude, the deadened palate and the truant sense of smell that had come upon him. He turned to Mrs. J. Y. "I'm afraid I'll have to lie down. I hate to be a nuisance, but I've got a touch of fever." To the initiated "a touch of fever" means anything from a slight indisposition to a knockout blow delivered below the belt. It is the sole phrase of confession recognized by the malarial cult. Happily for Alan, the expression on this occasion was no euphemism. He was suffering from a touch of fever, and nothing more, brought on by too continued exertion. He was shown to his room, his old room with its old-fashioned, many-paned windows, its enormous closet and, under recent coatings of white enamel paint, the many marks with which in boyhood he and his forbears had branded the ancient woodwork.

A flutter and then a sigh of disappointment went through Maple House at Alan's immediate eclipse. The children foresaw an order for silence or a veto on the afternoon's excursion to the lake. J. Y. became restless and wandered noiselessly about from room to room. Clem sat in the great window and dreamed and listened for Alan's bell. She would not go to the lake. The children were solemnly grave and then giggling by fits and starts.

The Eltons had come back from abroad. From Elm House Cousin Frances Elton, commonly known as Tom, short for tomboy, came racing across the lawn waving towel and bathing clothes and in a high treble giving a creditable imitation of an Indian warwhoop. At Tom's cry the children stampeded on to the veranda with sibilant cries of. "Sshsh!" Mrs. J. Y. looked at Nance and Nance smiled resignedly. They put away their work, ordered the wagonette and the colts—colts no longer, alas, save in name—and departed with a wagonload of suppressed youth. From Long lane floated back peals of young laughter, breaking bounds as the overhanging trees hid the hill from view.

Clem sat on the vast window seat and toyed with a book. J. Y. came and dropped down beside her. "Well, Clem, he's come back."

Clem nodded. "Are you sure he doesn't want anything, Uncle John? He hasn't had a thing to eat since seven o'clock this morning."

Alan's bell tinkled. Clem started to her feet and then sat down again. "You'd better go." But when J. Y. strode off she followed.

"Why is the house so quiet? Is it on account of the captain?" asked Alan.

"Bless you, no. The captain sleeps for a week at a time. The children have gone over to the lake."

"I just wanted to tell you that I like their noises—they're new. There's nothing really the matter with me except that I've got to take things in turn, and lying still and sweating comes first. After that, perhaps tomorrow, I'm going to eat. The penultimate act on my list is a cigarette and the ultimate is to get up in the old belfry and yell." He turned over and sank his head into the pillows.

"All right, my boy," said J. Y., smiling. "There's only Clem and myself here and we'll go and try to make noises like the children." He came out of the door in time to catch sight of Clem's skirt as it whisked around the corner of the hall. He followed and found her already seated at the piano. Her fingers wandered over the keys and then her soft, full voice broke out in one old song after another. She was happy because she felt that singing she was with Alan.

Alan stirred in his bed and listened. He determined that tomorrow he must be well. Robbed of this afternoon, he was being robbed of half of life. He cursed the fever and then, as he felt how near Clem's voice brought her to him, he blessed it.

At night when all the rest of the household had gone to bed, J. Y. softly opened Alan's door and looked in. Alan was awake and nodded. J. Y. came in and pottered about the room. He rolled a bit of paper into an ampler shade and further veiled the night lamp. The lines in J. Y.'s rugged face were softened to lines of sweetness. He asked if there were nothing he could do and then turned to leave the room. With his hand on the door, he paused and smiled down on Alan. "My boy, you have been far, far away."

"Far away," replied Alan drowsily, "but I have come back."

The bracing air of Red Hill and a long night's sleep enabled Alan to keep his word with himself. He was up and out on the day following his arrival, but he still felt delightfully lazy and pitifully weak. Clem took charge of him. First she tried to settle him in a hammock with many pillows, but Alan shrank from the hammock. They spread rugs instead in a nook under the trees, and Alan stretched himself out amid a riot of many-colored cushions, while Clem sat close by in a low rocking chair and talked and read and talked.

Talking or reading, Clem was a source of unvarying delight to Alan. Was it possible that one could live twenty years in an old world, rub elbows with life for twenty years, and remain so fresh, so untainted? His own life rose up before him and mocked at him. Was it possible that one could live thirty years in this same world and be so old? He shrugged a shoulder petulantly. He would not think—he refused to think while he was so weak.

When Clem talked, it was like a child dreaming aloud; when she was silent one felt the presence of womanhood, wise with the unconscious accumulations of generations and unabashed. When Clem talked Alan was at ease, but when she was silent he was moved—troubled. A scarred man may play with a child and no harm to either. He can detach himself from his past as from the child and at a safe moral distance turn to watch its unconscious gambols. But with a woman it is different. Womanhood is a force; its mission to embrace, to sacrifice. It is unreasoning. Like fundamental man it demands a god and worships the god that comes to its need. Alan felt this force hovering in Clem's silences and was troubled.

Remembering his past indiscretions and Don Juan affairs, do you believe that Alan will have the temerity to confess all of them frankly to Clem and ask her to marry him? Would a good woman accept such a man?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Rainfall in United States.

The rain which falls on the United States every year equals in amount the water in the Mississippi river.

INVENTOR OF CHEWING GUM

John Colgan of Louisville, Recently Deceased, Was the Pioneer of the Business in America.

The death a short time ago at his home in Louisville, Ky., of John Colgan brings to mind the fact that he was the pioneer chewing gum manufacturer in the United States. His business career in many ways was a remarkable one, the Richmond Virginian observes. When but nineteen years of age he began business in a small drug store in his home city. In the use of balsam in the preparation of cough sirups he conceived the idea of sweetening and rolling the tolu into sticks, which he gave freely to his friends and customers. A few years later he was told by a traveling salesman of a large quantity of chicle, which had been imported by a druggist in New Orleans for experimental purposes, in the hope that it might be used as a substitute for rubber. When this was found impossible, the chicle was offered for sale, and Mr. Colgan purchased the entire lot, hoping it could be used for chewing gum.

As a result of his mixture of the balsam tolu with the chicle, the first chewing gum, as we now have it, was produced. The demand for this new gum was so great that the supply of chicle was soon exhausted and supplies in large quantities were ordered from Mexico. Other "chewing gum makers" soon began to use it also in their products, and today over 5,000,000 pounds of it are made in the United States each year.

Mr. Colgan, who was seventy-two years of age at the time of his death, spent his entire life in Louisville, and for many years was actively engaged in business in that city. He was a man of splendid personality, and his death was much regretted.

Improving Rotterdam Harbor.

Rotterdam, Holland's great seaport, which since the war began has become more active than ever before, is to improve its facilities for shipping by deepening the channel to the North sea to 38 feet, and later on to 41 feet, at high tide. The work will require a dredging of over 10,000,000 cubic yards, and cost about $1,000,000. Other contemplated improvements will bring the total to be expended to over $2,000,000.

Fizzle.

"What is it a sign of when one's lips itch?" asked the dear girl in the parlor scene as she lowered the blinds and seated her person on the end of a sofa built *for* two. "I don't know, I'm sure," replied the dense young man, as he folded his arms and tried to look wise, "but I presume it indicates some sort of a cutaneous transbie."—Indianapolis Star.

BUCKEYE NOTES

News From All Section of the State

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Youngstown.—A 10 per cent wage advance for employes of the Youngstown Iron & Steel Co. not working under an Amalgamated Association wage scale, to take effect May 1, was announced here today by John O. Pew, president of that corporation. The company employs about 2,000 men. Every iron and steel concern now operating in and about the city has announced a wage advance of 10 per cent. or greater to be effective May 1. About 30,000 men are affected, and the advance will total $2,500,000 in a year.

Canton.—The Phillips Bible institute, established here three years ago through the generosity of the late Thomas Phillips of Newcastle, Pa., will be moved to Valparaiso, Ind. Decision to consolidate the local institute, which is under the supervision of the Christian church, with the university of Valparaiso, was made at a meeting of the trustees of that institution and the trustees of the Canton school. It will be moved after the commencement exercises, June 15.

Toledo.—Farmers in northwestern Ohio are in great need of men for work on farms, according to Superintendent George F. Reiser of the state free employment bureau. A large number of applications for farm hands is on file, he said, many of them exceedingly attractive, which cannot be filled. Shortage is due to big inducements offered farmer lads by city industries, Reiser said.

Warren.—The city hall here is in ruins as the result of fire, due supposedly to electric wiring which had been condemned by the state fire marshal. The walls still stand, but the building will probably be razed. The records of the city were saved by firemen, who were handicapped at the start by the failure of the pump on the motor fire engine. The loss is $40,000.

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Fremont. — William Schwartz, of this city, attended the opening baseball game in Toledo and when he went to board an interurban car for home found it so crowded he could not enter. So Schwartz bought a limousine on the spot and drove it home.

Marysville. — During an electrical storm lightning destroyed William Cody's large stock barn and contents, including hay, grain, farming implements, chicken houses, 100 chickens, hogs, etc. The horses and cows were rescued. Loss $5,000.

Toledo.—Brooding over the death of his son, which took place two years ago, Edgar C. Colburn, carpenter, went to the boy's grave and drank a quantity of poison. He is in a serious condition.

Youngstown.—Mayor Carroll Thornton has issued a proclamation calling on all citizens to co-operate with the Woman Clubs' League in celebrating the tercentennial of the death of William Shakespeare April 23.

Cincinnati.—By a vote of forty-two to twenty-nine the Cincinnati Presbytery passed an overture petitioning the general assembly of the church to cut off the Presbytery of New York from membership "because of long-continued disloyalty."

Marysville. — While Roy C. Bates, twenty-nine, a wealthy Leesburg township farmer, was trying to remove his tractor from a shed, he was crushed to death when the machine started backwards, jamming him against a corn crib.

Akron.—"It is up to the big rubber companies of Akron to provide houses for the men their advertisements are bringing here," said Mayor Laub as a suggestion of first aid in the congested housing situation.

Circleville.—Anita Louise Kendall, aged one year, was instantly killed by her father, Henry Kendall, at New Holland, by a shot from a revolver which he was cleaning and did not know was loaded.

Cleveland.—Fire Chief George A. Wallace estimated the loss in the fire at the Wilshire building at $50,000, including damage by water. He could assign no cause nor find traces of incendiarism.

Fremont.—Stockholders of the People's Elevator Co., composed of several hundred farms in and near Fremont, have decided to build another large elevator adjacent to the present plant.

Bowling Green. — Two hundred teachers attended the annual meeting of the Northwestern Ohio Superintendents and Principals' Round Table at the State Normal college. Training school and college classes, in session, were inspected by the visitors.

Marion.—Newspaper reporters are barred from Marion board of education meetings. Board members maintain they have a right to transact public business in executive session. Defying the newspapers, they awarded a $1,000 hardware contract for the new high school behind closed doors.

Cleveland.—Leon L. Bosquet, aged 21, attached to the government submarine base at the United States navy yard at New London, Conn., was instantly killed at Groton, Conn., when he attempted to jump from a freight train on which he was riding to the navy yard from New London.

Newark. — Mrs. Bell Good, aged seventy, was killed in the railroad yards here when she crawled under a cut of cars while picking up coal along the tracks. An engine moved the cars, the wheels passing over her body.

Oak Harbor.—The J. Weller Company has enlarged its plant for making catsup and tomato puree. The capacity of the plant will be about 8,000 bushels per day and the output will be double that of last year.

Findlay. — Peter May, ninety-five, died on a farm near Van Buren. He had resided on the same farm for 80 years.

Statistics on Baths.

In kinship to godliness, the Bronx leads. In estrangement from cleanliness, Manhattan goes farthest. So stated the representative of the sanitary bureau, submitted to the board of health. An inspection of all lodging houses except the municipal lodging house, where baths—also for Manhattan lodgers—are compulsory, revealed the fact that Bronx lodgers faithfully take their daily baths; Brooklyn lodgers take one in five days; and Manhattan lodgers take one in eight days. There were 3,000 inspections.—New York Times.

Refuted.

"Dinks thinks he knows it all."

"You're mistaken there. Whenever he meets one he says: 'Well, how's everything?'"

It's a poor brand of religion that doesn't cause a man to try to treat his neighbors decently.